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HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE
Princess of *WALES*
GOING OUT OF
MOURNING.

BY
The Reverend Mr. PULLEIN of TRINITY
COLLEGE, *Dublin*, A. M.

DUBLIN:
Printed by GEORGE FAULKNER in Essex-street.
MDCCLIII.

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L
III.

HOW often shall the trembling Muse
Attempt an humbler Theme to choose?

Some Magick moves the Lyre;

And struck by *Cynthia's* Silver Ray,

Like *Memnon's* by the God of Day,

Spontaneous sounds the Wire.

IV. The

A 2

II. No

II.

No more shall fable Sorrow lie
 With languid Shade on *Cynthia's* Eye;
 Behold her Orb serene
 With Brightness of celestial Source
 Through Heav'nly Paths direct its Course,
 And guide her starry Train!

III.

Some fix'd in *Albion's* Sphere to shine,
 And some decreed with Light benign
 On other Realms to rise,
 Though distant, shall harmonious roll
 The Pilot Stars of either Pole,
 And half illumine the Skies.



IV. Thou

IV

Thou Goddess, through thy tripple Reign,
 Crescent, or Full, or in the Wane,
 Shalt temper *Britain's* Tide;
 When Billows rise in factious War,
 Thy Rays pacific ruling far
 Shall make their Rage subside;

V

When ebbing Faith and Justice fly,
 Or impious Winds their Channel dry,
 While Shores deserted mourn,
 Thy Planet with attractive Beam
 Shall shine on Virtue's fleeting Stream,
 And bid her Tides return.

VI.

In vain each veering Wind has try'd,
 If thy unshaken Throne rely'd
 On Art, or Wealth, or Power:—
 Candor proclaim'd the Blood of Kings,
 And Wisdom drawn from Virtue's Springs,
 Thy Heav'n-descended Dower.

VII.

How calm and still that Virtue lay!
 Hid from the glaring Beam of Day,
 'Till Sorrow's sudden Storm
 With Force impetuous blew aside
 The Veil which modest Worth had ty'd,
 And shew'd an Angel Form!

VIII. Thus

VIII.

Thus purest Streams, which gently flow
 Where Seeds of native Treasure grow,
 Not half their Wealth display,
 'Till wasteful Torrents all unfold
 The sparkling Gems and Virgin Gold,
 Which in their Bosom lay.

IX.

Ye *British* Fair frequent the Stream,
 From ev'ry Gem of precious Name
 Imbibe immortal Charms;
 With such the Zone of Love was grac'd,
 Such Beauties wrap'd in *Juno's* Breast
 Drew *Jove* into her Arms.

F I N I S.

VIII.

Thus purest Streams, which gently flow
 Where seeds of native Treasures grow,
 Not half their Wealth display,
 'Till wasterful Torrents all unfold
 The sparkling Gems and Virgin Gold,
 Which in their Bottom lay.

IX.

The British Fair, who in the Stream,
 From every conscious Name
 Imbibe her Charms;



With such the Zone of Love was girded,
 Such Beauties wrapt in Juvo's Breast
 Drew Jove into her Arms.

